



THE
CRUELITIES OF WAR.

BY A CHURCHMAN.



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THE

CRUELITIES OF WAR.

JUNE 10, 1864.

IN a walk down Chestnut street, a few days ago, my attention was attracted to a window in which were exhibited the photographic representation of some horrible objects, the emaciated bodies of three of our soldiers, lately returned from a long confinement in the Libby Prison, or the Camp at Belle Isle: and attached to these cards was a statement purporting to be that of Miss Dix, the same, I presume, already printed in an evening paper, describing the shocking condition of the sick and dying soldiers whom she had seen at Annapolis, immediately after their exchange.

It pained me, I confess, to find that the excellent citizens whom I have known for nearly fifty years, and known as eminently charitable and christian men; and that a lady, who, more than any other in our country, has devoted herself to the cause of suffering humanity, and whose untiring zeal and unpretending ability have enabled her to do more than all the Frys and Nightingales of other lands, should in any way lend themselves to the effort now making to intensify the passions of our people, and inspire hatred for our countrymen at the South with whom we are at war.

I am willing to believe the statement of Miss Dix has been published without her authority, and that our worthy citizens referred to, like too many others among us, have never looked at the war and its incidents, except in the false light the directors of public opinion daily throw upon it, or they would not have put such photographs in their windows, or inscribed them "ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHIVALRY."

I have since read a communication to the "Press," written by Dr. Ellerslie Wallace, of Philadelphia, describing the condition of several exchanged prisoners whom he saw and examined at Annapolis, dying or suffering from the effects of miserable and insufficient food, and wretched lodgings, while in the hands of our Southern enemies.

I take for granted the perfect accuracy of Miss Dix's statement,* (although I think it was reported on hearsay,) and of Dr.

* The following is a resumé of the remarks of a friend to whom I read my MS. on this point:—

Every military prison has its tales of horror—the English Prison-ships of the Revolution, in which our patriots pined and died; the jails of Republican France; and Dartmoor Prison, where our captured sailors of the war of 1812 were subjected to great hardships, might be cited. Even our Northern fortresses, crowded beyond their capacity, or our prison camps, in some of the bleakest situations, have given occasion of bitter complaints to the sick and miserable Southron, unaccustomed to the rigors of a Northern climate, and with no clothing but the rags he had brought from the battle-field, till scantily supplied by private beneficence—and all this often with little or no blame to the authorities. All praise may be given to General Schoepf, the commander at Fort Delaware, the results of whose humanity and gentleness is some accusation of others, under whom great, perhaps unnecessary suffering has been endured. Even here, with all the kindness of the surgeons in attendance, and all the comforts provided by the benevolent, the deaths for a considerable time averaged fifteen a day; and if the victims of scurvy, who were very numerous, had been photographed, they would give pictures more horrible and loathsome than those now circulated in our community as examples of the barbarity of the South. If we had reports from Fort Lookout and Fort Johnson, the deaths from cold, exposure, want of clothing, etc., would startle our self-complacency; and the roll of Ship Island might, in another way, add largely to our list of horrors. Last winter, we heard of prisoners frozen to death in a rail-road car on their way from Louisville to a Northern prison. How many have perished from exposure, no one will ever know. They died unheeded, and no report of them

Wallace's letter, so far as founded on their own observations, and that they represent as truly as the sun, which cannot falsify, the aspect of wretchedness which excited their pity and horror. With these admissions, I venture to refuse the same authority to the reports of what they have not seen, and to doubt the correctness of their general inferences. I have a right to presume that the cases thus presented are the worst, and know that many others have returned from confinement in Southern prisons with

will ever reach their desolate homes. So, alas, it must be in every war. We must, however, be on our guard against the stories of returned prisoners. The temptation to exaggerate both exploits and sufferings is great to the vulgar mind; and we should place much more reliance on the reports of such prisoners as Colonel Sanderson of the Federal army, who was in a position of trusted relationship between the rebel authorities and his imprisoned fellow-soldiers—and the excellent Bishop Johns of the Episcopal church. The former expressly denies the charge of inhumanity or peculiar privation; and the latter, in his letter to the Federal Secretary of War, asserts that in his frequent visits to the Libby Prison, he “often appealed to the prisoners individually, and in groups, to know if they had any cause to complain of the treatment which they experienced, assuring them of (his) readiness to secure the redress of any real grievance. The uniform reply has been that they had no inhumanity to complain of, and that, except the privation of out-door exercise, they wanted nothing but to go home. The spacious rooms of the building, which was originally a tobacco warehouse, (he) always found sufficiently warmed and ventilated, and the appearance of the inmates that of persons in good health.” (The Bishop does not speak of the hospital department.) Can any one doubt this testimony? And if we could, individual instances might be cited to confirm it. Might not the escape of Colonel Straight, and a large number of his comrades, prove that their strength was not impaired by insufficient food? Such work in their excavations, such privations in their lurking and flight, show that their vigor was unimpaired by bad or insufficient food.

We must first prove that the Union prisoners at Richmond and elsewhere were worse provided than the Confederate soldiers, before

health and strength unimpaired, and with few complaints of treatment. I cannot, however, doubt the suffering and privations our soldiers have been subjected to, especially in sickness. They were inevitable.

Mr. Davis, in his last annual message, says, "the prisoners held by us, in spite of humane care, are perishing from the inevitable effects of imprisonment and the hopelessness of release from confinement. The spectacle of their suffering augments

we can present any case against the rebel government. It is not necessary at this place, to prove the great scarcity throughout the South of all such food as our Northern appetites demand. With wheat flour at \$150 per barrel, the use of white bread was abandoned by the rich; and a corn diet, often of the coarsest kind, was all that could be afforded even to the sick. To those unaccustomed to it, this is often particularly unpalatable, and some persons cannot be reconciled to it at all. When we sent it to the starving Irish, in 1847, it was often rejected by those who had nothing else to eat. Unless very well prepared, it is not at first readily digestible. It is dry and unappetizing and has a tendency to produce diarrhœa. As to meat, thousands at the South, since the war began, rarely tasted it, and its quality was bad. There were no means of fattening, nor curing, nor transporting it. About the period when our prisoners were subjected to the greatest privations, the following was extracted from the Richmond Examiner:—

"At an early hour, on Saturday morning, the meat supplies in the city markets gave out, and numerous families in consequence had to dine on Grahamite dinners. As long as beef is impressed for the benefit of 12,000 Yankee prisoners, this condition of the city markets may be expected to continue."

And in the same paper, I find that the Lynchburg Republican, learning that some three thousand Union prisoners are to be sent from Richmond to that city, strongly protests: "We don't want them here. We have got as many people among us now, as can possibly be supplied with food, and to have 3000 voracious Yankees added to the number, would make gaunt starvation, with its pallid cheek not only a possible, but a most probable contingency for all of us." About the

our longing to relieve from similar trials our brave men who have spent so many weary months in a cruel and useless imprisonment endured with heroic constancy." He expresses his inability to comprehend the policy or purpose of the government at Washington, in their persistent refusal to execute the terms of the cartel at first agreed upon, and by which almost immediate release was obtained on both sides. With a forbearance which might well be imitated elsewhere, with respect to the Southern

same time, we heard of bread riots at Richmond and Mobile, and our papers seemed to exult at the news; not remembering our poor imprisoned soldiers, who by tens of thousands must share the famine. The above extracts speak for themselves; at all events, as far as they go, they vindicate the rebel authorities from the charge of systematic cruelty.

The improbability of the charge might strike all who reflect without an undue bias. Nothing could be gained by it—for exposure and retaliation were consequences which they might certainly expect. That there were cases of suffering from harshness or neglect, we can hardly doubt. Some keepers, guilty of criminal negligence, we know were punished; all perhaps could not be discovered.

But besides the above inevitable causes of disease and death, nostalgia, a most common affection in armies, hospitals and prisons, produces loss of appetite, followed of course by emaciation and inanition. Mere monotony of diet, with want of accustomed exercise, has sometimes the same effect. The unhealthy and sensitive must sink and die in a protracted imprisonment.

Without pretending to doubt the general aspect of misery pervading the first importation of prisoners after the long cessation of exchanges, or to deny the number of deaths in the transit, I would venture to ask, would it not be reasonable, would it not at least be charitable to suppose that those were first sent home who had longest suffered, and who most needed delicate food, suitable medicines and gentle nursing; those who were pining most for their homes, and in fact expecting to die, might beg to be sent back at once to their families, with the small chance of taking a last leave of those they loved? Would not kind and Christian feelings dictate such a selection? Such at least is the interpretation I venture to suggest.

Colonel Jaques, who visited Richmond in the month of July, 1864, gives the following account of Libby and Belle Isle Prisons, which he was permitted to visit:

"I was very agreeably disappointed to find our men comfortably situated, and as well cared for as was possible under the circumstances. Only the desperate cases of our wounded are retained in the hospitals of Richmond. Our brave boys were bearing up cheerfully under their sufferings, and were receiving all needful attention, and everything possible was being done for their recovery by the surgeons and attendants. This will be cheerful news for the many anxious mothers and wives throughout the North."

authorities, he does not impute any base or inhuman motives. He does not hint what some at the North, even among our loyal officials, are said to have openly admitted, "that we can better spare our soldiers than the States in rebellion can," and therefore (though our brave soldiers may be pining and starving in crowded prisons or under miserable tents at the South), we must not permit our feelings for them and their families to interfere, while their retention is weakening the rebel ranks more than they could in battle array. It is asserted by the Confederate authorities, that the difficulties in the way of exchanges have been of recent suggestion, and came from the side of the North. I cannot give the time to investigate the technical discussion between Colonel Ould and General Meredith, and have no means of testing the accuracy of their computations; but whether the system at first inaugurated worked more for the advantage of the South or not, it is *very certain* that the exchanges could have been continued at the option of our authorities on equal terms, man for man, (excepting only recaptured slaves,) and although the sufferings of the Northern soldiers were perfectly well known at Washington for many months, this was again and again refused, except when some special influence was brought to bear, and such a man as Fitz Hugh Lee exchanged for such another as Neal Dow. Of late humanity has made itself heard, and the barter of prisoners, which need never have been suspended, is now renewed. In the instances before us we have the horrid results of the delay.

But, if our national authorities eschewed the usual modes of release sanctioned by the customs of modern warfare, their expedition under General Kilpatrick had, with other objects, the same end in view. Whether the orders said to be found on Colonel Dahlgren are authentic or not,* (and they have never

* The question of handwriting is not decisive. A copy, rather than the original, signed by himself, would have been with Colonel Dahlgren, who, indeed, did not dictate the orders, and whose obedience we must believe reluctant.

been publicly denied by Kilpatrick, or the authorities at Washington, or by any officer cognizant of the facts,) the reports we have of the raid prove that the spirit which might have dictated them was present, and till the repulse before the entrenchments at Richmond, the plan laid down in them was fully carried out. A Republican correspondent tells us, that when the house of Mr. Seddon, the rebel secretary of war, was fired, he would certainly have been thrown into the flames, if found there. We may, perhaps, rejoice that complete success has not deprived us of all grounds to repel the reproach of such an atrocious plan; for, indeed, such seems to find advocates at the North.

Nor is this spirit of recent growth. More than a year ago, a Senator of Pennsylvania claimed for himself the credit of advocating long before, a policy of kindred atrocity. Mr. Lowry thus addressed the Senate:—

“I believed then, and now, that He who watches over the sparrows, will chastise us until we be just towards ourselves, and towards four millions of God’s poor downcast prisoners of war. I said that I would arm the negro—that I would place him in the front of the battle—that I would invite his rebel master, with his stolen arms, to shoot his stolen property at the rate of a thousand dollars a shot. I said further, that were I commander-in-chief, by virtue of the war power and in obedience to the customs of civilized nations, and in accordance with the laws of civilized nations, I would confiscate every rebel’s property, whether upon two legs or four, and that I would give to the slave, who would bring me his master’s disloyal scalp, one hundred and fifty acres of his master’s plantation. Nor would I be at all exacting as to where the scalp was taken off, so that it was at some point between the bottom of the ears and the top of the loins. This, sir, was my language long before Fremont had issued his immortal proclamation. The logic of events is sanctifying these anointed truths, ‘Father forgive thou those who deride and vilify me because I enunciate them, they know not what they do.’”

This *pious* gentleman, who so reverently quotes the words of

our Saviour, was afterwards requested to address the Union League of Philadelphia. His speech was reported, but only a part of it appeared in print. We are bound to believe his favorite plans were not acceptable to a majority of his hearers. His answer, however, to Judge Curtis' pamphlet on Executive Usurpations was printed and circulated by the Union League, and was thought by some of the members to be an admirable refutation of that "disloyal" production. Some persons not of the League think differently.

Other authorities might be quoted to prove how ready Northern philanthropists seem to be to accept the doctrine of extermination. Long ago, our late Consul-General in Canada, the Hon. Mr. Giddings, in his place in Congress, threatened the Southern slaveholders with the arming of their negroes, the burning of their homes, and the *pollution* of their hearths; and more than a year since, an applauded orator of the Union League, the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, referred to the massacre at St. Domingo, not as a measure to be advocated, but to be tolerated as any other consequence of war; and said he would rather see every woman and child at the South perish, than fail in crushing the Rebellion. And an appeal is made by such men to the laws of God and man! Perhaps the library of Nana Sahib, or the King of Dahomey may supply the volumes.

In the orders of General Sherman to his subordinates, distributed before his raid into Mississippi, he admits that, according to the usage of Europe, in modern times, when war was waged by sovereigns, non-combatants were spared; armies were to be vanquished, fortresses, arsenals and public stores destroyed, soldiers captured, monarchs deposed; but towns and villages preserved, private property spared, and the inhabitants, engaged in the peaceful occupations of common life, invited to continue at their homes, and protected from all violence. But in the present war, as our *real enemies* were the *people* of the South, who had forfeited all rights by their rejection of the National authority, we were justified not only in depriving them of all power of hostile resistance, but of their very means of living—

that their property of all kinds was our rightful spoil—their land forfeited and open to the occupation of better and more loyal men. He leaves a large and indeed unlimited discretion to his officers, in applying these principles.* And accordingly, in the boastful reports of their successes, we have not only the accounts of rail-roads, public buildings and public stores destroyed, but fields laid waste—mills, villages, farm-houses burnt, all live stock killed, which could not be carried off—furniture, implements of agriculture and tools of trade broken to pieces. Everything which could feed man or cattle destroyed. And our newspaper writers exulted in the hope of thus starving the enemy into submission. So, too, in our accounts of Stoneman's raid; and still more in those organized in Georgia and Florida, under Montgomery† and Higginson, so honestly denounced in his letter to Governor Andrew, by the lamented Colonel Shaw,

* These are not the very words, but it is believed a faithful abridgment of General Sherman's orders.

† An extract from a Southern paper, thus describes one of these expeditions:—

“Colonel Montgomery, the hero of Pocotaligo, first brought into notoriety by the border atrocities of Kansas, led his black troops up the Coosaw River, in South Carolina, in several steamers, to proclaim liberty to the slaves. Landing his men without opposition, for there were none to oppose him, he proceeded to the nearest plantations, and made what he calls “a successful haul,” of upwards of a thousand able bodied negroes for the recruitment of the Federal armies. In the course of this raid, Colonel Montgomery and his negroes burnt to the ground upwards of fifty private dwelling-houses belonging to the planters, many of them inhabited by women and children only. He loaded his steamers with piano-fortes, bedding, chairs, tables, books and looking-glasses, and any quantity of household furniture, and in the darkness of the night, only illuminated by the blazing ruins that his incendiary torches had left on every side, embarked his recruits and his plunder, thinking perhaps that he had done his little best towards the restoration of the Union.

under Wilde in North Carolina;* and, finally, in the great expedition under Kilpatrick, concocted at Washington, without the concurrence of the gallant and Christian soldier who then commanded the Army of the Potomac. Wherever these devastating hordes passed over the country, they swept every thing like a tornado, and years must elapse ere the traces of their route will be effaced. To illustrate the condition of the unfortunate inhabitants, I will cite two instances, by no means the worst that have been reported, but of exact authenticity.

* The following letter is the best illustration of this expedition:—

HEADQUARTERS, FORCES ON BLACKWATER,
Franklin, Va., January 7, 1864.

TO GENERAL WILD,

Commanding Colored Brigade, Norfolk, Va.:

SIR:—Probably no expedition during the progress of this war has been attended with more utter disregard for the long established usages of civilization, or the dictates of humanity, than was your late raid into the county bordering the Albemarle.

Your stay, though short, was marked by crimes and enormities. You burned houses over the heads of defenceless women and children, carried off private property of every description, arrested non-combatants, and carried off ladies in irons, whom you confined with negro men.

Your negro troops fired on Confederates *after they had surrendered*, and they were only saved by the exertions of the more humane of your white officers.

Last, but not least, under the pretext that he was a guerrilla, you hanged David Bright, a private of Company L, 62d Georgia Regiment (Cavalry), forcing the ladies and gentlemen whom you held in arrest to witness the execution. Therefore, I have obtained an order from the general commanding, for the execution of Samuel Jones, a private of Company B, 5th Ohio, whom I shall hang in retaliation. I hold two more of your men in irons, as hostages for Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Mundin. When these ladies are released, these men will be released, and treated as prisoners of war.

COL. JOEL R. GRIFFIN.

Among the friends of the admirable lady whose name was mentioned at the beginning of this pamphlet, was a young married woman living on her estate in Tennessee. Her servants had all been carried off, save a superannuated woman, and a one-armed man. When the United States troops approached her house, she was unprotected, with a younger brother ill of typhoid fever, and two little children. Her house was stripped of all that could be carried off, and not only all her meat and meal, but the esculents of her garden, and her standing crop destroyed. The family might all have perished, as they had few neighbours, and the country was desolated, had not General Rousseau been within reach of a message, who was an old acquaintance, and sent some army rations. This is no isolated case. Many a humble household has been left to starve—many a helpless family with no shelter but the woods.

Again, in Virginia, during Kilpatrick's raid, among innumerable stories of woe; one is told of a poor old carpenter, the sole support of several young grandchildren. His house was similarly sacked; his and the childrens clothes taken, his little furniture and crockery destroyed, and then his tools of trade, his only resource broken to pieces.

Such were the deeds of our soldiers, not only recently, but on the first months of our invasion of the Old Dominion by Geary and Blenker. The latter has given his name in the army to this species of wanton violence—an unenviable immortality. The former left unpunished the atrocious murder and mutilation, by a party of his men, of Colonel Scott, of Fauquier county, (the staunchest opponent of secession in his native State,) while defending the wife or sister of one of his neighbors from their brutal violence; and the charge against General McDowell, at his court martial, of undue kindness and consideration towards the family of the murdered man, showed the animus of our National authorities from the first.

I have wandered, because I could not separate kindred acts, a little from my topic—the ~~sanctified~~ policy of our war office as affecting the Union prisoners at Richmond and elsewhere. If

the sufferings visited on the unarmed population of our Southern country is repaid with some bitterness to our soldiers, (the instruments of that policy,) who is to blame? If all the cattle and sheep were killed, what fresh meat could even wealth procure? If every salt work, and private pan, within reach of our troops are destroyed, the bacon for army rations must be left uncured. Coarse corn bread has been the chief subsistence of the Southern army, with nothing to make it palatable but a chance supply, derived perhaps from the capture of a Northern train. His insufficient clothing was the coarse product of Southern manufactures. His overcoats and blankets, if not afforded from the commissary stores of his invader, substituted by rugs, coverlets or pieces of carpet, ungrudgingly given, though hardly spared from his Southern home. If sick, he had none of the ordinary comforts of a hospital, clean beds and sheets, and change of clothing; no tea, no coffee or sugar, or brandy, perhaps none of the medicines essential to his treatment. Such are the privations of the Southern soldier—such must the prisoner in his hands share with him. Unused to such food, the delicately nurtured Northerner rejects it, and pines for the ordinary comforts of common life; but charity cannot minister what wealth cannot command. The ragged, shoeless, filthy soldiers, brought to our Northern fortresses and hospitals, after the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg, show with what clothes and food men may fight bravely “*pro aris et focis*.”*

All this is stated to prove, that if we carry on our war by means, such as Christianity and humanity, as understood in every land but our own condemn, our soldiers in the hands of the enemy must suffer the consequences. If they occasionally meet with acts of rudeness or cruelty, we may attribute it to a bitterness hardly to be wondered at. May be his rude guardian

* I have seen a private letter, written in May last, in which it is incidentally mentioned, that the daily rations of a brigade surgeon and his servant, in the rebel army, consisted of one quart of Indian meal and a quarter of a pound of bacon (for the two); and this at a time when the army was reported as well fed.

recollects his home pillaged and burnt—his aged parents or children turned into the woods for shelter—or perhaps even greater outrages than these. No proof has ever been given of any systematic harshness or neglect on the part of the Confederate authorities. Instances of brutality have been punished, as in the case of Mrs. Lincoln's brother, Colonel Todd, who is said to have been very cruel to the prisoners under him. One of the soldier's, quoted by Dr. Wallace, said that his great-coat and blanket were taken from him by his captors. Perhaps they were seized as part of his accoutrement, by a soldier unprovided with either; but that the wounded or sick in the hospitals were ever stripped of clothing or private property, has never been asserted, and the writer will venture to deny. When some of the prisoners died in the hospitals at Charleston, their little valuables, and every thing which was thought would be prized as souvenirs by their Northern friends, were collected and sent by flag of truce; an act of courtesy which I have not heard has been reciprocated, though I doubt not from the character of many of the benevolent ladies and others in attendance at the Northern hospitals, it has in many individual instances been done. All accounts we have of the treatment of the sick and wounded, on both sides of the dividing line, give a high tribute to the humanity of the medical profession, and many instances are mentioned by our exchanged soldiers of kindness from private individuals. But the surgeons are far less numerous at the South, all hospital supplies very scant, many of the medicines and ordinary comforts for the sick are wanting.* We must remember that in the Southern States, the means of every one are

* While transcribing the above pages, I was surprised and grieved to find in a morning paper, an article exhibiting a portion of the medical profession in a very different light. It seems that at the National Medical Convention, recently assembled in New York, "Dr. A. K. Gardner of that city, offered a series of resolutions to the effect, that the association use its influence to cause all medicines and medical and surgical instruments and appliances to be excluded from the list

straightened, and all luxuries cut off, that every family is working for its own support, or to aid their brethren in the field. There is no surplus to lavish or curtail—no appeal can be made to benevolence, through the medium of pleasure or vanity. It is earnest work with them all in the defence of life and property, of family and household. What can we expect from the ruined and desolated South?

of articles called "contraband of war." This resolution was offered chiefly in the interest of the soldiers of the North, who might chance to be wounded or sick in the hands of the enemy. How often has the wail of agony come from the prison-houses of the South, where our unfortunate countrymen have been suffering, dying for lack of these medicines and medical appliances, that their captors were unable to furnish from their slender store." In the language of Dr. Gardner's preamble:—

"Thousands and tens of thousands of our brave sons and brothers, fighting for the holy cause of our glorious Union, and left wounded on the battle-field in the hands of the enemy, have been compelled to have operations performed without the relief and benefit which chloroform would bring, and have lain in suffering unto death in the hospitals of the South, from the absolute destitution of the country of many needful medicines and instruments of surgery."

"Yet the reading of these resolutions," says the reporter, "was greeted with a storm of mingled hisses and applause. The doctor, astonished that his simple effort to alleviate suffering should meet with such disapprobation, was branded as a copperhead, and the whole matter was indefinitely laid upon the table.

"It would thus appear that, in the opinion of some furious Southern haters, the object of the war is to inflict suffering and death upon individual rebels, to which end they are willing to sacrifice their kindred and countrymen, lying mutilated or stricken with disease in Southern prisons. * * * It is not Christian warfare that denies medicine to the sick, although an enemy. In our opinion, any physician who could so far give way to sectional antipathies as to oppose such a resolution, is unfit for the responsibilities of his vocation."

These are not my words. I leave it to those of the profession, whose Christian benevolence I know, and whose minds are not disordered by the madness of the times, to say whether they are just.

When our armies spare Southern families and homes, when a Yankee Bayard can be found to restore their plate and jewelry to his captives, instead of sending them for display at Northern banquets, or in Northern ball rooms, we shall have some right to talk of chivalry. When Northern generals can show regions they have visited at the South, as little ravaged as were the border counties of Pennsylvania last summer; where private property was spared, even guarded; fences unburnt, growing crops uninjured, even protected by a line of guards from cavalry horses pastured in adjoining fields, we may claim for ourselves a title to humanity in war. It is said that when General Earley* was at York, a newspaper was brought to him, containing an account of the burning of Bluffton, in South Carolina, and Jacksonville, in Florida. He called his officers together, and read it to them, with the observation: "Gentlemen, I read this to you, not to stimulate revenge, but as a warning. Let no such acts as these disgrace our arms."

We have such men among our soldiers too. No reproach were attached to such commanders as McClellan, Buell, Meade and others: and many a subordinate to generals of a different nature has shuddered at the work before him, and almost hesitated in his obedience. But the favorites of our rulers have not been these. Humanity in warfare was no part of their programme. To reclaim after victory by protection, justice and kindness, no part of their policy.† Hence the entire alienation of every friend of the Union in the Southern States.

* ~~Said to be a Floridian.~~ *See Postscript.*

† I have heard General Butler called the right man in the right place, by persons quite incapable of approving the tyranny and rapacity which were not only his practice, but his boast. In his speech at New York, in April, 1863, which in this very part was highly applauded, he said, in reference to the inhabitants of the conquered South, "They have the right, so long as they behave themselves, and are non-combatants, to be free from personal violence. *They have no other rights:* and, therefore, it was my duty to see to it, and I believe

There is another feature of our warfare which has won for our armies and their generals the most deserved reproach. The destruction of towns and cities when abandoned; and not only the indiscriminate burning and pillage of all property, but often the surrender of the unfortunate inhabitants to the malignant punishment of the returning rebels, against whom our authorities had promised them protection.

The latest and perhaps the most dreadful instance of this was the burning of Alexandria on the Red River. When General Banks took possession, he assured the inhabitants that the occupation would be permanent, and guaranteed the safety and property of all who would approve their loyalty by submissive oaths, and taking part in the reorganizing of the State. A considerable number, it is said, nearly a thousand of the inhabitants enlisted in his army, and some eminent citizens took part in the civil administration under the Union. Several, relying on this protection, were absent in New Orleans; one of whom was a member of the Constitutional Convention at the time of the disastrous battle of Grand Ecore. The retreat which followed was full of disaster to the army, but the ruin which fell upon the city was most terrible of all. No one has accused General Banks of ordering the conflagration; but he is, nevertheless, hardly less criminal in his neglect of every precaution to prevent a catastrophe which frequent and recent experience proved most probable. The opportunity of plunder was doubtless the object of the active culprits. All attempts to arrest the fire were in vain, for when checked in one place it was rekindled in another. When the wretched inhabitants, a large part of whom

the record will show that *I did see to it*, that order was preserved, and that every man who behaved well, and did not aid the Confederate States, should not be molested in his person. *I held that every thing else they had was at the mercy of the conquerors.*" General Mouravieff, who adopted, with *some refined* improvements, General Butler's celebrated order about disloyal ladies, would have applauded, but hardly have dared, even in Warsaw, to imitate his illustrious exemplar in this.

were women and children, some of whose natural protectors were in the Union ranks, flocked to the shores, beseeching to be taken on board the steamers, they were refused, even driven back by bayonets. The space that might have been their refuge was occupied by cotton bales and a number of fugitive slaves, estimated at three thousand. And thus, all that remained of the inhabitants of this beautiful, happy, and prosperous city, were pitilessly abandoned.

And yet there was found a body of our clergy and laity, assembled in the late Convention of the Episcopal Church, capable of voting that "This Rebellion has more and more assumed a character of barbarous fanaticism and murderous ferocity, on the part of the enemies of the nation," and that "the authors and abettors of this Rebellion, wherever they are found, are *alone* guilty of all the bloodshed and desolation on either side entailed by this contest upon North and South, now or hereafter," and in consequence ready to pledge the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Pennsylvania, as a body of Christian men, to sustain the administration in all its efforts to suppress this "monstrous" Rebellion, by their prayers, their sympathy and their support. It is true, the excellent resolution of Dr. Van Dusen, in which all Christians could join, was substituted for those presented by the Provost of our University, but the still more objectionable preamble just quoted was carried, by some legislative jugglery, I do not doubt; for it could hardly have received the assent of those excellent men, whose Christian spirit and moral courage were shown in the previous debate and vote. I am also willing to believe that the votes of many others were given in entire ignorance of facts, and men who read only the abolitionized newspapers of the day, and have few associates but the uncompromising war-Christians of their vestry, can have a very imperfect knowledge of the truth. So was it, too, in the protest of our clergy against Bishop Hopkins' letter on "the Bible View of Slavery," which I am convinced many never could have signed if the committee *demanding* their sub-

scription, had at the same time furnished a copy of the work to be denounced.*

The body of our clergy are humble, pious men, devoted to the labors of their parishes, which absorb every thought, unless distracted by the care of a family miserably provided for. Till now they have not been forced to express an opinion on any of the topics which divide the country, and have no doubt felt that their own duties could hardly be performed, if the sins and immoralities of distant regions were to be the objects of their inquiry, even if Christian charity did not forbid it. But there are others of controlling influence, whose associations and knowledge

* With all due respect, I would inquire of the ardent Abolitionists among our churchmen, whether any respectable body or individual among our laity has not a right to *demand* of the learned doctors and bishops of our church, as the authorized teachers of Christian faith and morals, their opinion as to the doctrines of the Bible and the church upon any subject brought before the public, and most especially if it be one already introduced into political controversy, with an appeal to the Bible as authorizing or condemning it. When reverend rhetoricians have made any subject upon which an election may hang, the topic of weekly diatribes from their pulpits, have we not a right to know from the most venerable fathers of the church what doctrine they hold?—and is it wrong to publish that opinion?

Suppose a party of fanatics and socialists, too often kindred spirits, were to present a political platform, in which general repudiation of debts was a feature, and the Bible denunciations of usury and usurers (far more frequent, I believe, than any allusion to the “sin” of slavery) appealed to, to justify the sweeping away of all indebtedness by States and individuals, would it be unbecoming in our venerable and learned diocesan to answer a letter from the leading capitalists of his communion, asking permission to *publish* his exposition of the meaning of these frequent allusions to the wickedness of usurers found in all parts of the word of God? If not, then, what right has he and his clergy to condemn the Bishop of Vermont, even could it be shown, which cannot be, that his letter was furnished to be used in the coming political campaign?

have a larger scope—many who have met their brethren of the Southern church in general conventions—some who have held cures in the Slave States, or, visiting them for health, have been received with the greatest affection and hospitality by their brethren in Christ. None know better than these, that such men as Bishops Oty, Johns, Green, Elliot, Davis, and Rutledge, and their large body of humble, pious clergy, their generous, devoted and virtuous laity, are as incapable of cruelty, inhumanity or any base unworthy act, as the best men the Northern church could ever boast of. They know, for they have seen, with what untiring zeal, what personal sacrifice, what real sincerity they have devoted themselves to the religious and moral education of the black population around them, and with what success; and yet they dare denounce them as guilty of a heinous crime for uniting with their fellow-citizens in the defence of institutions which they have inherited, and which they conscientiously believe best calculated for the social and eternal good of all parties within their separate communities. They have expressed their willingness to support measures which, if carried out, they know must ruin every churchman's family, destroy every church institution at the South, scatter every Sunday-school, and leave the miserable objects of their pseudo-philanthropy to die in misery, vice and degradation, as they are now doing by hundreds daily, in all the regions at the South under Federal authority. By this uncalled for entry into the political arena, they are doing all they can to inflame the passions of civil war, by putting religion where it has no place, by rejoicing in bloody battles, and praying for victory over their brethren—rarely, if ever, preaching the blessed doctrines of mercy and peace.

In the revision of the almost inspired liturgy of the Church of England after the American Revolution, our general convention expunged (to my wonder and regret) what I have ever thought the most beautiful of the ejaculations and its response:—

“Give Peace in our time, Good Lord!

Because there is none other that fighteth for us save

Thou only, oh God!”

Why was it rejected? Did our fathers anticipate the time when many of their successors would no longer, in their hearts, offer up this holy prayer? And may we not admit, with humiliation and contrition, that we have *not* prayed for peace, and, consequently, our God has not fought for us.

Did it never strike the minds of our Northern clergy, that the bombardment of Charleston with burning shells, which could in no way effect the fortresses in the harbor, was cruel and vindictive beyond the necessities of war? * That the selection as a target of the heaven-pointing spire of St. Michael's, one of the most venerable churches in our country; the church of Bishops Dehon, Bowen and Gadsden, and of that blind and saintly pre-

* Since the above was in type, the question of the bombardment of Charleston has been brought to an "issue," in the correspondence between the Rebel General Jones and General Foster of the Union army. It is unnecessary to discuss the question, according to the laws of war, of General Jones' conduct, and the retaliation proposed. The threatened exposure of the Southern prisoners on the decks of the monitors, would seem alone justified by some such atrocity as the imprisonment of the Northern officers in Fort Sumter. Every act of the sort, calculated to provoke retaliation, is to be deplored, and even condemned; but in General Foster's letter there is an assertion that "Charleston is a depot for military supplies, and contains not only arsenals, but also foundries and factories for the manufacture of munitions of war. In its yards several iron-clads have already been completed, while others are still upon the stocks in the course of completion. Its wharves and the banks of the rivers, on both sides of the city, are lined with batteries. To destroy these means of continuing the war, is therefore our object and duty." This statement seems to have much weight; but if the General would inform himself, as the writer has, without any illegal correspondence, he would probably find that the *part of Charleston within the furthest reach of his bombs* contains no arsenals, nor foundries, nor manufactories of munitions of war. That the dock-yards exposed to fire have been abandoned, and that the ironclads, finished and under construction, are for the present quite safe up Cooper River; that the low batteries around the shores would only be available if the Union fleet had passed and silenced Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Ripley, etc., and

late Davis, was a sacrilege? Did it never occur to them that the special choice of Christmas as a day to scatter a fiery shower of bombs over a Christian city, was the strangest of all celebrations of the birth of our Redeemer, the Prince of Peace? St. Michael's is still, I have heard, frequented by many of its worshippers, who, I doubt not, pray for their enemies; while shells are constantly heard exploding in the air, and God has hitherto protected the sacred pile from all injury.

There is yet to be published the first vindictive address by the clergy of the South. Not because they have no grounds; for besides the injuries of open warfare, the brutal natures of Butler and Andy Johnson, and whoever may be pro-consul in Missouri,

were in the inner harbor, when, in fact, all further resistance would be futile, and that probably the only buildings used for army purposes within reach of the great guns of the fleet and Fort Wagner, are some large edifices, including the old citadel, appropriated as hospitals. All this might very well have been supposed as the course of prudence. The only parts of the city exposed to injury are the seats of former commerce, now entirely deserted, and the quarter called South Bay, looking out towards the sea, filled with the residences of the better classes of its citizens. There is reason to believe that few or none of the bombs have kindled the conflagration anticipated, but they have penetrated a great many private dwellings, so that safety and tranquility both stimulate their abandonment. In no city would this condition be attended by greater hardships. The plantation residences, even when unreachd by Union raiders, are uninhabitable after May, the coast islands no longer a safe resort; and deprived of their city houses, the people of Charleston are homeless. The story of the bloody interruption of the marriage of Miss Pickens, told with so many touching incidents, has been recently contradicted; but it might well have been true. Other casualties, equally distressing, if not so dramatic, have certainly occurred in humble families, who, finding no shelter, have returned to risk death in the burning ruins of their homes. Whether they have a claim to forbearance from our batteries, when a trial of so many months has shown their fire to be only fruitful of domestic misery, I must leave for others to say; but if this be legitimate warfare, I know not where in Christianity to find a sanction for it.

have selected some of the worthiest of our clergy, and those of the Presbyterian church, who had taken sides with their congregations, as objects of wanton cruelty and insult.

I presume the name of the venerable and Rev. James Armstrong of the Presbyterian church, at Norfolk, is known to some of our clergy. He was sentenced to clean the streets, with ball and chain on his legs, not because he would not acquiesce in or obey the Federal authority, but because in his honest answers to questions, most artfully arranged, he would not condemn the Southern government and people. The Rev. Mr. Painter, of Missouri, was perhaps seen by some of them a few weeks ago—though it may be the story of so disloyal a man would not be believed. He had refused the special oath to support the measures of Mr. Lincoln, and says he was dragged from his church or home, confined a prisoner in a camp of ruffians, where he performed, on compulsion, the most menial and filthy work, and even, with the hands which were wont to present the cup of salvation, was obliged to saw wood for the mulatto mistress of a Northern officer. If these stories are doubted, let our clergy inquire into their truth, before they again venture on resolutions to support all the measures of the Northern authorities, and condemn all the acts of their Southern fellow-churchmen.

Up to the beginning of our fratricidal war, the Episcopal church remained a bond of brotherly union and holy fellowship, while the clergy of other Protestant sects have been for upwards of thirty years doing every thing to alienate the religious people of the South, and prepare their minds for the disruption of our Republic. Has the virus of Eastern infidelity at last affected us; poisoned our affections, distorted our intellects and instilled the fatal heresy of a higher law than God has given us in his word? Let our ministers beware of thinking themselves better Christians and wiser interpreters of God's will and words than the Whites, the Moores, the Seaburys, and others who established in our church a Union with slaveholders, and, oh! let them not forget, in the bitter excitement of sectional politics, that the principles and doctrines of the religion they profess to

teach ~~they~~ can have no entry to the human heart but by the portals of brotherly love, tender mercy, and holy peace.

It may be fairly asked, what have religion and morality gained? What can they possibly gain by this dreadful war?

I will not go into the battle-field, that carnival of devilish passions, nor enter the camp, that nursery of every degrading vice, but beg my readers to reflect upon the awful change, the shocking demoralization of our fellow-citizens taken from the quiet walks of peaceful industry and exposed to every temptation to wickedness; where the greatest honor is to the hand most deeply dyed in the blood of his countrymen, to the heart most inaccessible to pity; where human affections must be stifled and every private right contemned; where licentious passions can have no restraint, and violence and rapine gain the highest rewards. After such a war as ours, one well may shudder to think of the time when our common soldiers will return to their homes, and spread among our community the infection of the moral diseases they have contracted, or startle us with their lawlessness, their ferocity and crimes.*

But it is not necessary to anticipate. I would rather call attention to present results, and the dreadful corruption and

* I hope I shall not be accused of sentimental philanthropy, and especially of any sympathy with the Peace Society, whose distinguished orators had no more of my admiration in former days than they have now. I think Washington and Gustavus Adolphus much more worthy of our veneration than Wilberforce, Raikes and Father Matthew; but instead of defending my opinions, I would quote the words of one of the noblest, bravest, and most religious soldiers England or the world ever produced, General Sir William Napier. In a letter to his mother, written within the lines of Torres Vedras, he says: "I am a soldier, unfitted for any other profession, and yet I took up my present one lightly and without consideration. I detest it. We are but licensed murderers, and the most brutal and ferocious sentiments are constantly expressed, and actions of the same stamp committed by us and our allies. This I cannot prevent, nor can I leave the place or people where and by whom they are committed," etc.

degradation of our people in the short period of three years. To my own mind, the most discouraging and depressing sign is the apparent extinction of moral perception; the willingness to tolerate every bad act and every bad man that wins success. All must admit that there is an astonishing change in the men who have gained power and place by the opportunities the war has given. All have observed the sudden elevation of the lowest, by means which should shun inspection, and the extravagant and profligate display of wealth most dishonestly acquired; and in public life, the men whom the popular vote has selected for posts upon which the safety of everything we should value depends, are the astonishment of the world.

When we look at Washington, the capital of our country, a scene so shocking presents itself, that we hardly know whether it should rather call forth our scorn and indignation, or our humiliation and grief. For the present, I leave to others the accusation of the administration and its measures, and I wait for the awakened conscience of our people to condemn its deeds. But it is no libel to say, what all who recollect the past must perceive, that every tradition of dignity and honor is abandoned by our government, the Constitution defied, and all the ancient bulwarks of law and liberty thrown down.

The majority of our representatives, the delegates of a party whose motives are rarely dignified by the sincerity of their fanaticism, would stifle all debate; for they quail under the denunciations of the opposition, and would brand as false and treasonable words which they know to be the utterance of loyal and patriotic hearts.

The Senate, which, for its dignity and experienced statesmanship, we once regarded as the great balance wheel of government, is equally degraded. What are our senators now? The representatives of sovereign States? The majority have abjured this sovereignty, and are only now the miserable puppets of a party. And the Supreme Court, which we were wont to honor for its learning, its purity and courage—whose decrees had their force in the reverence and obedience of every honest heart: Alas!

how weak and powerless now! stript of authority, the ghost of its former self—a warning and a witness of our ruin.

With such a national legislature, can we wonder that every department is a scene of speculation and fraud? That villainy no longer blushes at detection, and hardly an effort is made to punish the official or contractor who defrauds the treasury, and cheats the soldier? that contracts are given in exchange for political influence, or sold for a share in the plunder? that places in the departments are bestowed not only on worthless party parasites, but on the ministers of vice? After all our boasts of virtue, has it come to this, that the paramours of officials are supported by salaries which should have maintained the virtuous wives and daughters of our soldiers? There seems little doubt of it. Indeed the whole city is a scene of open debauchery. The old and respectable inhabitants are daily abandoning it; and almost every house, (in the central and built parts,) not occupied by government, congress, the army, and the trades dependant on them, is devoted to drinking, gambling, or prostitution.* A modest woman cannot go alone into the streets, hardly into any public assembly; and even the house of the President is shunned by many whose delicacy revolts at his conversation, and recoils from contact with some of his most favored guests.

Ominous of our national ruin is the fate of our proud capital, bearing the honored name of its great and glorious founder, where our fathers fondly hoped to establish an Acropolis, a seat of Honor, on which Wisdom, and Virtue, and Religion would be enthroned; but where we can only now see a volcanic abyss, rapidly swallowing up all that we value and venerate, all that is noble, pure and holy: pouring forth at the same time a poisonous vapor which maddens and stupefies our people, and covering the whole land with a lava-flood of corruption.

Though Washington affords the nearest and most disgraceful picture, similar scenes are enacted in many other places. Wherever, indeed, the National authority is maintained by military

* 18,000 prostitutes were last winter counted among the population.

rule; there general license and proconsular tyranny and oppression carry us back to the worst times of Roman history. Those who, four years since, visited Nashville, Memphis and Natchez, found them the abodes of refined, virtuous and hospitable people. What a change now! The best inhabitants, if still remaining, skulking in their own houses, and hardly there escaping the insolent intrusion of the Northern and negro soldier. If the military or police authorities require a house, it must be relinquished with all its furniture; and we hear of many a one so taken, made a scene of coarse debauchery. Instead of the modest lady who before administered the household, sometimes a quadroon girl is seen dressed from the sequestered wardrobe of its former occupant, or flaunting in silks and jewelry in a sequestered carriage by the side of a Federal officer: while the black provost guard, under colored officers, make domiciliary visits in town and country, and give their own account of them; for the press is muzzled, and beyond a *timid remonstrance* to Governor Andy Johnson, in a Nashville paper, has published nothing; and although private letters give sad stories of violence and insult, there are some outrages of which even the sufferers will not speak.

The government at Washington has full reports of the organized plunder and extortion which at New Orleans and Norfolk have been added to the minor visitations I have detailed;* and I

* A custom-house official, at Beaufort or New Orleans, might give us some striking details of exportation to the North. Such spoils of bloodless victory as never were displayed at the triumph of a Roman consul. Not only silver, pictures and porcelain, carefully packed to grace the homes of New England, but law and clerical libraries, furniture of all kinds, and especially piano-fortes. The sobriquet of a certain brigadier-general among the soldiers was General Piano, from his large acquisitions of that article. Even the tombs of the dead were not despised by our merchant soldiers. The New Orleans Era tells us that the stately monument of Colonel Charles D. Dreux, the youthful orator, who fell early in the war in command of a Confederate

refer to Governor Pierpont's report, to prove how much so poor a place as the latter city can yield. Throughout the conquered land, every home is desolate, and every ancient centre of peaceful industry now a scene of idleness, profligacy or misery. When the missionaries of freedom first visited the plantations round Port Royal, they were astonished to find few or no mulattoes. The reports of the second year of occupation tell of a large crop of hybrids, which, to the virtuous advocates of miscegenation, may perhaps compensate for the almost entire failure of the old production, *cotton*. The brutal planter has been succeeded in these regions by the pure and noble young soldier from the land of steady habits. I leave it to better authorities than myself to show with what effect upon the virtue and domestic happiness of the sable peasantry.

But the barbarous fanaticism and murderous ferocity which a majority of the convention says is the characteristic of Southern warfare? I ask for their instances. Perhaps they think that Colonel Turchin was a Southerner, and his men the sand-hillers of South Carolina; the dirt-eaters of Alabama; or, may be, they never heard of the capture of Athens, a small unfortified town by a body of troops consisting, we must believe, of the exiled ruffians of foreign lands. Would that that night of horror, of brutal, lustful outrage were a myth! a dream of that Union officer, who announced to his soldiers, "that for two hours he would shut his eyes and enjoy unbroken repose," which even the shrieks of women could not disturb. I will not repeat the incidents of which the government had evidence. Was Colonel Turchin degraded and punished? Alas, no! He was advanced in rank. He is now a general—one of those whom our king delighteth to honor.

batallion, constructed at the cost of \$1500, was sold, and brought under the hammer of the auctioneer \$100. Another of great beauty was sold as low as \$30. They are no doubt now admired in some Northern cemetery, where a slight substitution of names and dates may fit them to commemorate the virtues and valor of some gallant officer of the army of occupation.

I cannot pass unmentioned the tragedy of Palmyra, where ten citizens of imputed Southern sympathies were seized as hostages for the production of one Andrew Allman, who had disappeared, (kidnapped perhaps, or murdered,) and after ten days delay publicly shot by order of General McNeill. Such acts as these remind one of the days of James II., and the atrocities which followed the battle of Sedgemoor; and strange to tell, the deed of the English Colonel Kirk, whose name, after near two centuries, is never mentioned without an expression of horror, found an imitator in Colonel Strachan, the provost marshal of Missouri. Nor is this hearsay; the evidence of the miserable shame-stricken wife is on record. Retaliation was threatened by the Confederate government, but never executed.

If necessary other instances of cruelty and outrage on the part of commissioned officers might be cited. It must be remembered that these deeds, by remaining unpunished, have the sanction of the government at Washington; and being heard and read without public outcry and indignation, are a stain and disgrace to our people.

I may be reminded by an advocate of the war of subjugation, that these acts, if not finding precise parallels in the atrocities of the Southern army, (which cannot, I believe, be cited,) were provoked or imitated by the guerrillas of the Western States—the Jayhawkers of Missouri and Arkansas—that west of our great river no Union citizen is safe from fire and plunder and murder; that the peaceful commerce of every Western stream is stopped by concealed batteries or platoons of musketry in every thicket; that no traveler can venture a mile beyond the few towns guarded by our soldiers, without hearing the whiz of a bullet about his ears, and that these treacherous enemies must be exterminated, or every attempt to cultivate the plantations on the Southern Mississippi must soon be abandoned. I deny it not.

Such has been the character of the contest in these half settled States from the beginning of the war. Such, indeed, in a measure, in some of them, since the time when the Emigrant Society of

New England collected her fanatics and vagrants, and sent them armed with pikes and rifles to Kansas, to circumvent the plans of the people of Missouri for the control of the institutions of their Western neighbors. It would take many acts of "border ruffianism" to fill up the measure of blood shed at Ottawattomie.

So many tales are told of violence on both sides, that it is utterly impossible to strike the balance of crime; but among those whose names have been the terror of the Union people of the West, there are some who could tell a story of wrongs, which, but for the teaching of that holy religion which forbids all private vengeance, might find in human hearts some excuse for their bloody deeds, at all events might mitigate the punishment for their guilt.

Perhaps no one is charged with a greater catalogue of crimes than Champ. Ferguson, of Kentucky. What he was in early life, I know not; but when the war broke out he was living, I am told, with his beautiful young wife at his home in his native State. Having taken the Southern side, his safety was threatened, and he fled or concealed himself. His house was entered by some of his loyal neighbors, and his wife, who it seems was celebrated for her dancing, was brought out upon the green, stripped naked, and obliged to dance before that brutal crowd till she fainted. She awoke to madness or idiocy. The vengeance her husband threatened on all who took part in this outrage, he is repaying, and is still unsatisfied.

Quantrell, too, lays claim to a large account of injuries unsettled; his house burnt, and shameful outrages to his family to revenge, and his company is filled up with men, all, it is said, bereft of homes, or wives, or children.* A fearful bond of

* No outrage of this ferocious band gave rise to more indignant eloquence, in the Republican press and pulpit, than the sack and burning of the town of Lawrence, in Kansas. Large collections were raised for the sufferers, and envoys sent to minister to their wants, and give assurance of revenge. One of these envoys, the Rev. Robert Collyer, who went from Chicago, said in a public address delivered on his re-

blood. I do not deny nor doubt that the Republicans of the West have their own tales of brutal injury, but such as these I have not heard. Such once was border war between Scotland and England; such may be war now in China and Ashantee; but such acts have not been chronicled in Christendom since we became a nation. No officer in the service of the Union showed himself fitter for this border warfare than Colonel Montgomery, of Missouri. His successes in the reconquest, if it should not be rather called the desolation of that unhappy State, gained him the highest tribute of praise, and he was subsequently selected to command the negro troops of the South, where his achievements in burning towns, and ravaging plantations, were, if less glorious, at least less bloody.

But our philanthropic clergymen may say: we have still the outrages to the poor negro to present; the barbarous slaughter of those brave soldiers, when overpowered in the heroic fight for liberty. The massacre of Fort Pillow has been a fruitful theme for eloquence in congress, halls and pulpits, and a committee of congress has reported a tale of horror quite answering the demand. I am not going to criticize that report, or to try to spoil the picture by hinting discrepancies and falsehoods; but observe that those who are at all familiar with history, and recollect the annals of any great war, can, if they will, recall to mind the account of towns taken by assault, when every thing perpetrated at Pillow, even greater horrors have been acted. The story of the capture of Badajos, by a disciplined and Christian army, under England's noblest captain, freezes the blood with horror. Such deeds are horrible, are wicked; but there

turn, "That the best citizens of Lawrence, including business men and ministers, sufferers by the recent calamity, gave it as their opinion, that no such dreadful deed of vengeance would have been done, but for the hostile and unwarranted predatory raids made upon the border counties of Missouri, by men who are professedly representing the feeling of the citizens of Lawrence; but who are in reality animated solely by a desire to steal, plunder and spoliolate."

are times, in the madness of victory, when the heart and mind have no control over the most savage passions of our nature, and this was one. One only ascertained fact I would recall, is that the negro troops losing their head, which they ever will in panic, did not surrender, but fled—some carrying off their muskets and firing them in their flight.

That the black troops in the Union service have been special objects of Southern hostility in battle, and treated with little mercy after defeat, is very true. The exasperation their enlistment has caused throughout the South is intense, and many a Union man of the border States has abjured his loyalty when he saw people of that race in the uniform of his country. Need I explain this feeling to any native American? And if repugnance exist here, how much more must the sense of indignity be enhanced among those whose servants have been seized, in violation of every constitutional and State right; employed in police service, as if to give the greatest possible offence; sent on expeditions to plunder their masters property, and especially put forward as heralds of emancipation, and, if needs be, stimulators of servile war; instruments, indeed, often most reluctant, of these great designs of our administration. If they have cruelly suffered, they may thank their Northern friends.

But besides these causes of rancor, there were special acts of violence and outrage by these poor, ignorant creatures, these freedmen soldiers, newly educated in the duties of hatred, plunder and murder, which have inspired vindictiveness. The reports of some of these have reached the North, others have been suppressed in the silence of the grave. The captors of Fort Pillow may have been inflamed by the recollection of some such incident as the butchery of Mr. Beckman's family, at Compromise Landing, Tennessee, on the 4th of August, 1863, by fourteen or sixteen negroes, in the uniform of the United States, from the camp at Island No. 10;* or the robbery and murder

* I have seen the account of this horrible crime in a Chicago paper. In it is perished Mr. Beckman, his octogenarian father, Major Beckman,

of the Neff family, near Fort Hudson, by seven armed negroes last January; or the still more recent story of poor old John Bobb, near Vicksburg, who threw a stone at a negro soldier while robbing his garden, and for this was seized by a file of fifteen or twenty black men, led by their sergeant, carried to a bayou or hollow, within pistol shot of their general's quarters, and there barbarously shot; and when the poor old man cried out for their officers, was answered, "d—n the officers, we can fix you without officers?" They may have heard of an affair occurring not long before at Vicksburg, which, as at first published in Northern papers, was described as a massacre of innocent negroes, (encamped in the neighborhood of a fine establishment, which had escaped the ravages of war,) assassinated by a party of guerrillas from across the river, who shot and bayoneted them with the greatest atrocity, and then decamped; the house referred to being at the same time burnt. An explanation since given, is that this house, which had formerly been a place of resort for planters and their families, was filled with ladies and children, and their colored nurses, who had fled from their burning houses and plantations; that some negro troops stationed in

and four young children. Nothing could exceed the fiendish cruelty of the act. The bodies, some of them covered with fearful wounds, were thrown into the water, but still remained to give their testimony. A neighbor, who scarcely escaped the violence of the murderers, was also witness of the scene, and all was confirmed by the full confession of some of the murderers who were arrested. They accused Captain Gwin as the contriver and instigator of the deed. This Gwin had the command of a contraband camp at or near Island No. 10, not as a military man, but an instructor, where he, his wife, and a Rev. Mr. Thomas, had for about six months conducted a school designed to prepare these victims of Southern barbarity for the assumption of the rights and duties of citizens. Whether Gwin was guilty or not cannot be ascertained. He claimed the benefit of the old laws of Tennessee excluding negro testimony, and I have seen no report of the punishment of the murderers or the capture of those who escaped with the plunder, said to be a very considerable sum in gold and paper money.

the neighborhood burst in upon them, and without distinction committed outrages on all, more horrible than murder, and then burnt the house; that the avengers were not Southern guerrillas, but the soldiers of an Indiana regiment, who, with the knowledge and assent of their officers, exacted a punishment which the courts might not be able to inflict, or which our benevolent President might have frustrated under the influence of philanthropists, who shudder at the antiquated barbarity of the gallows. If the first version of this story were true, and it must have been known at Washington, why was not the Fort Pillow committee charged to extend their inquiries to this greater atrocity; this insidious surprise and deliberate murder of unoffending men? The scene was quite as bloody, the picture would have been far more effective.

In other times, I might ask, why inquiries were not instituted into the truth of Commodore Porter's charges against the contraband soldiers near Vicksburg, who he says, in his report to the department of about the same date, had been guilty of great outrages? Is it because our freedmen soldiers can do no wrong, or because, on the high authority of the Hon. Mr. Lovejoy, so often repeated by our popular speakers, as to seem an accepted dictum of our public law, that the slave-owner has no rights which the negro is bound to respect?*

Over and over again, when I have spoken of the horrors of this war to my friends, some of them among the most benevolent

* In a recent number of the New York Tribune, the correspondent of that paper, writing from Bermuda Hundred, narrates the following conversation: "Well," said General Butler's chief of staff to a tall sergeant, (negro,) "you had a pretty tough fight there on the left." "Yes, sir, and we lost a good many good officers and men." "How many prisoners did you take, sergeant?" "*Not any, alive, sir,*" was the significant response. General Smith says, "They don't give my provost-marshal the *least trouble*, and I don't believe they contribute towards *filling any of the hospitals with rebel wounded.*" As the correspondent of the Tribune says, this is *significant*, and I quote it without comment.

people I have ever known, and pictured the suffering and desolation of Southern families, I am met by the assertion, "They have brought it on themselves. Had their States never seceded; had they never fired on the National flag, or seized the National fortresses and arsenals, they would have been spared all this suffering; that Rebellion must be put down, and treason punished, and for whatever suffering must fall to the share of the peaceable and innocent, their political leaders are chiefly accountable, and by supporting them in their crime, they have brought the punishment on themselves." Few pause to reflect whether the verdict of history is likely to sustain their judgment, or inquire whether the wise and good of other lands regard, as they do, secession "as a stupendous wickedness, a crime which words cannot fitly characterize." Far be it from me, to defend the act, which I have ever condemned as unjustifiable, till every mode of redress under the constitution had been tried in vain. If not a crime, it was a fatal mistake, one of those political blunders which are *worse than a crime* in their effects; like many an error in private life, which is more fatal to happiness than an immoral act, and which sometimes involves in misery, disgrace and ruin, those whose honor and whose motives are beyond reproach. That the great body of politicians at the South, almost all who read or wrote, or thought on constitutional subjects, sincerely believed in the right of peaceable secession, when the Union should become oppressive, when the stipulated articles of the constitution should be broken or threatened, when the domestic institutions of their States should be endangered, needs no evidence to prove. The States of Virginia, New York and Rhode Island, which reluctantly acceded to the Union, all claimed in their solemn act, which finally ratified the contract, the right "to resume the powers granted by them whenever they should be perverted to their injury and oppression," and of this contingency they alone could be the judges. Many Northern authorities might be cited in confirmation. Mr. Lincoln himself, in his speech in congress, January 12, 1848, went much further in the deliberate enunciation of his

principles. His words are, "*Any people, any where, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority, intermingled with or near about them, who may oppose their movements.*" And this, he asserts, "is a most valuable, a most sacred right, a right which we believe is to liberate the world." And all this was said with reference to Texas, which had rebelled against Mexico, that it might establish itself as a Slave State, against the organic law of the Republic. Far be it from me to quote this dictum as an authority. It is only the broadest enunciation of the doctrine of secession I have met with, going far beyond the opinions of Southern statesmen and jurists, inasmuch as it asserts the right to break up a confederacy or government not upon imputed injuries, but whenever *inclination* and *power* combined to prompt it. But it was an honest opinion, as, I presume, no Republican will dispute, upon which he might have acted without turpitude, and this is all that is necessary for me to show in its application.

Nor had Mr. Lincoln changed his principles on his accession to the Presidency, for on the Sunday before the adjournment of the extra session of Congress, in 1861, he said to Mr. Mallory, a Representative of Kentucky, in presence of Senator Crittenden and others:—"Mr. Mallory, this war, so far as I have anything to do with it, is carried on on the idea that there is a Union sentiment in these States, which, set free from the control now held over it by the presence of the Confederate or rebel power, will be sufficient to replace those States in the Union. If I am mistaken in this—if there is no such sentiment there, if the people of those States are determined with unanimity, or with a feeling approaching to unanimity, that their States shall not be members of this Confederacy—it is beyond the power of the people of the other States to force them to remain in the Union; and," said he, "in that contingency—in the contingency that there is not

and the members of legislatures about to assemble were besought to utter words of conciliation, and support them by the immediate introduction and early passage of acts to repeal the legislation so offensive to the South. Nothing was done. On the contrary, from every quarter, amidst the shouts of political victory, were heard the threats, "that the Southern oligarchy must now be trodden down and slavery crushed."

When congress met, the Crittenden resolutions were introduced. The Republican members were assured that these measures would satisfy Georgia, Mississippi and the rest; but their party discipline prevented even a divided support of them. The gulf States then seceded, and a still more strenuous appeal was made on behalf of the Northern Slave States, all then containing large majorities for the Union, who felt in their reduced number they had a still stronger right to protective guarantees. The appeal was made in vain. The Peace Congress was suggested. It was packed by Northern governors, with delegates pledged against all compromises, men who by their violence seemed selected on purpose to make the breach irreparable.

When the fourth of March arrived, the expectation of restoration was almost gone. Still there was hope of peace. Mr. Lincoln's inaugural disappointed all the friends of constitutional Union. His appointments still more so. He was urged to select for his cabinet, and other important places, one or more of the strongest Union men from the border States, such as Bell, Guthrie, Crittenden, Stanly, or Scott of Fauquier, whose presence in his counsels would give the still loyal States assurance of protection. Instead of such men, the bitterest abolitionists had the highest places; and the names of Seward and Chase, and Burlinghame, and Schurz, and Giddings, and Pike, and even Helper, indicated too clearly the measures the party was determined to carry out. War, however, it was hoped, might still be averted. Under the influence of patriots who still remained at the seat of government, promises were sought and given that no hostile measures should be taken till every effort at peaceful settlement had failed. Mr. Seward gave assurance

to Judge Campbell and Governor Morehead, and through Mr. Harvey, (our present Minister to Lisbon,) to the Southern authorities, that no attempt should be made to supply Fort Sumter by force, the government of South Carolina engaging to send a daily supply of fresh marketing to that little garrison; but two weeks had scarcely passed before the policy of the President was changed, under pressure, it is said, of the Northern governors, and other extreme men of his party, the very men who, while in a minority, were for peaceful disunion, and in their speeches and petitions advocated separation from slavery and its criminal supporters. As early as the 23d of March, a letter received in Boston announced this change of policy; the fire of Sumter was to be drawn, the assault on our flag provoked. This letter might, if desirable, be produced; but the telegram from Mr. Harvey to Judge McGrath of the same date and tenor, the seizure and publication of which caused so much embarrassment at the Department of State, is all the evidence that is necessary, confirmed by Mr. Seward's boastful declaration at Washington, on the 4th of July, 1863, that he felt justified as a patriot and a Christian to take care that the first shot should be fired by the South. "That the war should be begun not by the friends but by the enemies of the Union." When the attack was reported to Mr. Lincoln, he was not surprised. He said, "it was what he expected." His plans had been prepared. His war proclamation resolved on, if not already written.

It was thought by some, that the greatest of all earthly calamities, civil war, could still have been averted, if, instead of this proclamation, congress had been immediately summoned, and a convention of States proposed. The action of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee might have been suspended; but it was not thought *prudent* to submit the subject to the people, who even in the great Northern States might still have been for compromise and peace. Why this course was not pursued immediately after the fourth of March, we must leave to Mr. Lincoln and his advisers to answer. Why the commissioners sent at first by the rebel authorities were not listened to; why the

military envoy sent to General Scott was not permitted to see the President; why, long after this, the Southern vice-president, Mr. Stevens, was not allowed to pass the lines or exhibit the object and terms of his mission, I leave to be explained by those who can best do so. Whether they were overtures for peace or attempts to mitigate the horrors of war, all were peremptorily rejected. I will not presume to condemn the act. National dignity, (not always well supported,) perhaps demanded this course, but the spirit of brotherly love and of Christianity might have excused the opposite.

No one can deny that the universal shout of the Republican party was "No concession or compromise, rather than yield an iota, now we have the power, let us have WAR."

Thus was our war begun, and it has lasted already three years with an expense of life and treasure unequalled perhaps in the annals of the world. In cruelty and outrage not surpassed by the devastations of Louis XIV. in the Palatinate, and which our rulers demand shall be continued, if necessary, till the whole Southern country is unpeopled of its white inhabitants. It will be long before that day; for, driven to desperation, its people will fight for their families and homes with more than Vendean pertinacity and courage. With us the wailing of the bereft, and the cry of want are now beginning to be heard, and the ruin we have sought to inflict upon the South now threatens to overturn the whole edifice of our prosperity.

It may be that we shall never conquer the South, and then we shall find that it is too late to talk of conciliation, and that of all the consequences of our ferocious war, the bitter and malignant passions it has every where engendered, may be the worst. Well may we fear that

Never will true reconciliation grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.

But trusting in, God, and beseeching Him to infuse some portion of his Holy Spirit into the hearts of our people, we may

still hope that peace, if not long delayed, may once more bring its attendant blessings to our unhappy country.

History, which we should always consult for our examples and warning, teaches us that great civil wars, prosecuted with the fiercest animosity, have ended without the extermination of the weaker party, and that the combatants of many years have lived side by side in harmony and peace.

Germany offers an example, in that terrible contest of thirty years, which ended in the peace of Westphalia; but the religious wars of France, in the sixteenth century, will perhaps furnish the most striking parallels, and give the best encouragement to our hopes.

In the woful history of that period, we find a fanatical majority determined to destroy an almost equal number of their fellow-subjects, whom they were taught to believe the greatest of all sinners. There we find a "League," composed of the bourgeoisie and middle class of the great cities of France, led by the Guises and their party, the unprincipled and grasping demagogues of that day, and stimulated by a bigoted and bloody priesthood. There we have a monarch, timid, vacillating, vain and pitiless, controlled by a Camarilla, now promising protection to his heretical subjects, and then failing in every obligation of a sovereign, and violating every royal pledge. The heart sickens at the ferocity of that bloody war, carried on with varied success till half the towns and castles were in ruins, and the beautiful and fertile land of France so ravaged that starvation vied with the war demon in the number of its victims. But at last, the inheritance of the miserable Charles fell to a hero and a patriot, the brave and generous and accomplished and humane Henry of Navarre. When the constitutional law of his country placed him at the head of his people, he found, indeed, his rights opposed by that bigoted and brutal and rapacious crew, the party of Philip and the Guises, who were the authors of all his country's disasters; but by his magnanimity, his justice and his kindness, he won the hearts and dispelled the prejudices of more of his enemies than he had conquered by his brilliant valor.

When his tender compassion for the starving people of Paris permitted boat loads of provisions to enter that city, the stronghold of his most malignant enemies, the success of the siege was indeed frustrated, but in a few months he had the happiness to enter his capital, not over the bodies of its defenders, but with the shouts and blessings of a delivered people. And his victory was secured by an universal amnesty: even his bitterest foes were pardoned their undoubted treason, and protected in their great estates. To his companions in arms, the brave and noble-minded Huguenots, equal rights were secured by solemn pledges of protection, and by cities of their own. And thus the passions of civil war and religious hatred were appeased; old enemies and their descendants lived side by side in peace for nearly a hundred years, till another tyrant and bigot revoked the edict of Nantes, and drove from his kingdom the most honest and religious of his subjects, some of whom have transmitted their names and virtues to many of our countrymen.

With such an example, may we not hope that our distracted country shall once more enjoy harmony and peace? To this end we must seek for an able, brave, humane and Christian statesman. But where is our Henry of Navarre? The accomplished eulogist of the "President's policy" in the North American Review for January, must excuse me if I cannot find his likeness (as he does) in Abraham Lincoln. We need, indeed, a patriot and a statesman whom all can trust, with whom all can heartily join in the great work of restoration.

But before this consummation, we must humble ourselves before our God, beseeching him to pardon our errors and transgressions, and to root out from our hearts all evil passions; and above all the demons of hatred and revenge; to teach us rather how we may regain the affections and confidence of our revolted fellow-citizens, than how we can conquer them in arms; to show us a better mode of restoring the Union than by fire and bloodshed:—or, if this may not be, then to vouchsafe to us the influence of his Holy Spirit, to reconcile us to our humiliation, and enable us to learn in our adversities the bitter but all-important lesson of

self-knowledge. Then may we learn that pride and arrogance lead nations surely to their destruction; that the condemnation of the sins of others is the worst mode of reforming our own; that interference with others rights is the surest way to sacrifice our own liberty; and, finally, that the "*sum of all wickedness*" is *not* in a social institution, which, whatever its origin and whatever its defects, can be shown in the Southern States of our confederacy to be attended with less crime and vice, and far less suffering than exist in the lower strata of society of any other people, and by the inscrutable Providence of God, has been the *only* means through, and in consequence of which, the Religion of his Blessed Son has ever been extensively propagated among the races of middle Africa; *but is rather* to be found in WAR, justly called by the Greeks "Polemos, the destroyer of States," whose very essence is rapine and cruelty; permitted, indeed, by God, as one of the great scourges of humanity, but rarely justified save against the invaders of our homes, our consciences, and our chartered rights; WAR which inflicts more misery in a day than years can obliterate, which stimulates and gives scope to every wicked passion, and, as all history shows, is never more fierce, bloody, rapacious, cruel and tyrannical than when it usurps the mission of *Humanity, Religion and Liberty*.

POSTSCRIPT.

AUGUST 11.

IN the 17th page of the preceding pamphlet I ventured to contrast the conduct of our soldiers, at the South, with that of the Confederate army, as exhibited in their invasion of Pennsylvania under General Early. I might have added many other instances of his forbearance, and have cited cases of outrage by our own troops, at that time loudly complained of by those in whose defence they were summoned.

A year has passed, and our unprotected borders have been again crossed by a small body of Southern cavalry. By the reports given us, they have foraged and plundered with little restraint, and a large part of Chambersburg has been burned. A great cry has been raised throughout the North, as if such "vandal barbarities" were new to us; as if continued reports from *our* armies did not present to us pictures of wanton destruction and useless cruelty, far exceeding all that has been visited upon us.

It seems, indeed to have been entirely forgotten that Bluffton, Darien, and other towns, were burned *without the provocation of defence*; and the "fifty thousand homes" ruthlessly destroyed by our troops, for which the Rebel raiders lately left a record of their vengeance on the walls of one of the few houses sacked by them in the District of Columbia, is hardly an exaggeration.

When General Early warned his officers against imitation of the excesses of Hunter, Montgomery, and Higginson, on the invasion of the native States of many of them,* he may have hoped that the sentence he pronounced upon them, and the example which he set, might have called forth a response in the sentiment of the North—but, alas! it was not so; for the last

* General Early is a Virginian, and, as a member of the Convention of that State, zealously opposed the ordinance of secession.

twelve months have left on our military annals stains of at least equal barbarity.

The burning of Washington, in North Carolina; of Alexandria, in Louisiana; the useless bombardment of Charleston, in which, according to General Jones, not one soldier, or laborer, on any military or naval work, has even been wounded; the raid of Kilpatrick; the threatened destruction of Richmond, according to a programme not yet disproved; the horrible barbarities of Sherman's raid, and the still more recent devastations and brutality of Hunter in Western Virginia; all may have convinced the Confederate government that there were no means of bringing our military authorities to understand the principles and practice of civilized nations in war, but by retaliating upon our defenceless people something of the suffering systematically inflicted upon the South, hoping, in the words of a recent editorial of the *National Intelligencer*, "that those who were unable to realize the atrocities of such excesses, when committed by their own troops, would be able to perceive, clearly, their native heinousness in the light of their burning homes."

A letter of General Jones to General Foster, which was *not* part of the correspondence given to the Northern press, proves that the bombardment of Charleston for the last year has effected no military object, and could, indeed, have had none. The burning of the city, or driving the terrified inhabitants into the unhealthy regions, where a night's residence is death, might have been the result; and, to use General Gilmore's phrase, "the heart of the rebellion might have been struck" in the blood and misery of old men, women, and children, who could only aid the cause with their prayers; but even in this only a limited success was attained.

Greater achievements were boasted of in the great Yazoo Expedition. In one region, we are told, "that for thirty miles in length, and twelve in breadth, not a building of any kind but has been destroyed; and every thing which could sustain life," and our soldiers are said "to have grown exceedingly merry over the consternation of the women and children when they woke up

in the night and found their houses in flames;" "it was such fun to see them running about in the woods in their night-clothes, frightened to death;" but our narrator adds: "The stake is too mighty to admit of any remissness—to allow even the voice of suffering women and children to hold us back. Hot tears may scald the cheeks of mothers, and hunger pinch thousands of needy ones, and yet, the success of the Union cause was worth all that sacrifice."

All this was repeated in Georgia, under the same commander, within the last few months. There we find a more merciful witness, who thus wrote in his report to the *New York Herald*: "It is sad to contemplate the fearful suffering of the people, particularly the women and children in the parts of Georgia where we have campaigned. As to men, the young are in the rebel lines; the old have fled to the woods. * * * *

Our men have, in too many instances, burned down the houses, destroyed their contents, driving their wretched inmates, houseless, homeless, starving outcasts, to perish of cold and hunger. * * * * I have met frenzied groups of affrighted, starving women and children, huddled together in the woods, where many of them perish of cold and want. Such sad pictures of old and young, gray-haired matrons and timid girls, clinging together in hopeless misery, may be imagined, but cannot be described. I have seen whole columns of brave men melt away before the leaden storm of shot and shell; I have ridden among the dead and dying and wounded of many a battle-field; I have heard the groans of fearful agony from the poor sufferers under the scalpel knife, where piles of legs and arms, the grim trophies of war, attested death's fearful carnage, yet I was not moved as I have been by the sight of these poor, helpless miserales. Alas! alas! for this cruel war of blood and tears. Is there Tartarus deep enough or hot enough for its authors?"

Inspired by a spirit as mad as it was cruel, General Hunter the perpetrator of some of the worst atrocities in the South, was this summer, placed in command of the army in Western Virginia. He was soon driven from it, routed and disgraced, but

before his outrages on every unprotected home had brought infamy on himself, which, alas! we must share with him. When the Confederate army advanced over the country he had desolated, a scene of misery presented itself which harrowed their souls, and made an appeal for vengeance which could not be resisted. General Early says: "I followed him about sixty miles, and language would fail me to describe the terrible desolation which marked his path. Dwelling-houses and other buildings were almost universally burned; fences, implements of husbandry, and everything available for the sustenance of human life, so far as he could do so, were everywhere destroyed. We found many, very many families of helpless women and children, who had been suddenly turned out of doors, and their houses and contents condemned to the flames; and, in some cases, where they had rescued some extra clothing, the soldiers had torn the garments into narrow strips and strewn them upon the ground for us to witness, when we arrived in pursuit."

Private accounts confirm this tale, and there are among us witnesses of all of this and worse. One could hardly believe that soldiers of a Christian country could have done such things. I may, moreover, refer to several letters which have appeared in the newspapers, detailing the pitiless sacking and burning of the private residences of Governor Letcher, Mr. Miller's, in Campbell County, Mr. Boteler's, Mr. Lee's, Mr. Andrew Hunter's. For these acts indemnity was demanded in Pennsylvania—for these the terrible retaliation was inflicted on the town of Chambersburg.

My countrymen must remember that Northern armies first invaded the territories of the Southern States; our soldiers first burned Southern cities, plundered and destroyed Southern homes. The people of the South, whether mistaken or not in their assertion of revolutionary rights, would have been less than men if they had not risen to repel their invaders; would be almost more than men, if they did not regard the perpetrators of such acts, and those who justify them, with indiscriminating hate.

Well may we ask, to what end can such a contest lead, con-

ducted with such barbarity? Is it not our duty to seek for those who inaugurated it, and summon them for the condemnation of the world? They are among us, and one high in the confidence of their allies presents the accusation.

On the accession of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency, when the mad, if not criminal, act of secession, aroused the indignation of our people, the men whom the division of the great Democratic party for the first time placed in power, saw their advantage, and had the skill to profit by the outbreak of national enthusiasm in the cause of the Union. The necessities of a successful minority required a step towards war which should be irrevocable. Time was not given for reflection—every proposition to secure peace rejected. They hastened to the shedding of blood, that our maddened people might be willing to give everything for vengeance and victory.* There is a current story—that when General Scott urged upon the President measures of concession and conciliation, as sure to save the Union, he was answered to this effect: “If I should do as you advise, what will become of Abraham Lincoln?—what will become of the Republican party?” The same motives seemed to actuate him in many other deprecatory appeals to those who, at later periods of the war, counselled moderate measures: “He could not afford to lose the support of the extreme men of his party.”

He hesitated, for he could not but perceive the unconstitutionality and the mischievous consequences of the measures urged upon him; but he always yielded what seemed to be his principles at last, till now “he stands abreast with the most advanced Radicalism,”—to quote again the *National Intelligencer*.

Yet he has not gained the confidence and support of those whom he courted by such terrible sacrifices. Those who will read the letter of Messrs. Wade and Winter Davis, may see in

* I am well aware the same reproach has been made against some of the Southern politicians. The great majority of the people, and most of their leading statesmen, Gen. Davis among them, would gladly have accepted compromises.

what esteem he is held by them—what credit they give him for integrity. The charges urged in that remarkable manifesto might well be the basis for impeachment. This, however, is not the place to discuss them; but in the reply to it in the *New York Times*—a paper understood to be the organ of the President, and certainly the most eminent of his advocates—the editor, Mr. Raymond, has ventured on a course of defence which expose, with *the authority of unquestionable knowledge of facts*, the plan and objects of the war, as adopted by the leaders of the Republican party, and not only acquiesced in by the Administration, but carried out by the use of *every means* which the war power has placed in his hands.

Speaking of the President's accusers the *Times* says: "His invasions of Congressional Rights, his usurpations of Executive Power, would not disturb them if they were practised in their behalf and for the furtherance of their schemes."

For says Mr. Raymond: "No two men have been more clamorous for a vigorous prosecution of the war—none more intolerant of every one who faltered or hesitated in the *crusade of hatred and extermination* which they have ceaselessly proclaimed. No measure has been too extreme, no policy too violent, no mode of warfare *too savage* for their tastes. They have led the van in the *blind race of radicalism and barbarism*, into which they have seduced many public men of wiser judgments and calmer passions than themselves. They have scouted the idea whenever it has been presented, in any form, of closing the war, until not only should slavery be abolished, but until the people of the Southern States should have been reduced to the condition of *helpless and hopeless vassals of the central government*." "They have sought steadily and consistently their *conquest and subjugation as States*, in order that they might found upon them a new empire based upon their own ideas, and to be ruled by their counsels. They have sustained the war, *not as a means of restoring the Union*, but to free the slaves, seize the lands, crush the spirit, *destroy the rights*, and *blot out forever the political freedom* of the people inhabiting the Southern States."

These are memorable words—strange admissions. Congressional rights have then been invaded, executive powers have been usurped, a crusade of hatred and extermination has been proclaimed; men of *wiser judgments* and *calmer passions* have been seduced to follow in a blind race of radicalism and barbarism. Conquest, subjugation, extermination, to seize the lands, crush the spirit, destroy the rights, and blot out forever the political freedom of the people of the Southern States—were the objects of the war, according to the plan of its first and most powerful advocates.

This can be no calumny, when the leading paper in the confidence of the present Administration asserts it.

NOTE TO PAGE 38.

One of my most valued friends has objected to the application of the term “incendiary” to the mission of Judge Hoare. I beg to be understood as giving that character to the mission, *not* to the envoy. I should indeed be loath to designate by an offensive epithet a gentleman of the highest standing, against whose honor there has never been a reproach; who is, as Mr. Webster, in his speech on the compromise measures, designates him, “one of the most respectable men of the commonwealth, bearing an excellent character, of excellent temper, and every way and every where entitled to the regard he has enjoyed among the people of Massachusetts;” but his mission was nevertheless incendiary, as has been admitted to me by gentlemen of standing in Massachusetts, and as it was universally regarded in South Carolina. Even Mr. Webster, in the speech just quoted, said that “it was calculated rather to *inflame* feeling than to do good.” And well it might, in a population but lately fearfully excited by the discovery of an extensive conspiracy among their slaves, organized and directed by a free black man. The object of the mission was to proclaim and insist on, in open court, the right of the native and domesticated negroes of Massachusetts to enjoy all the rights of citizenship in South Carolina, including, as a consequence, the privilege of free intercourse with the slave population of the South. Now, the State of Massachusetts might give all civil and electoral privileges to any of her inhabitants,

but could not make them citizens of the Union. Nor, with the penalties then (or very recently) on her own statute books, against the immigration of and intermarriage with negroes, could she, without inconsistency, object to the exclusion from a sister State of a class of persons most likely to be the tools of the fanatical enemies of Southern institutions.

The State of South Carolina asserted for herself the same right to exclude those whose presence she judged dangerous to her domestic peace, and to **hold** them in temporary confinement if they defied her laws, as she has to shut up in quarantine all coming by sea, from districts infected with plague or yellow fever. England, ever jealous of the rights of her subjects, yielded, though reluctantly, to these ordinances; and if ordinary comity had influenced the Northern States of our confederacy, they might easily have taken care that their vessels, trading so profitably with the South, might not carry in their crews a cause of constant irritation and offence. The legislation of other States, (especially at the Northwest,) which was never disputed, seems to confirm the constitutionality of the statute of South Carolina.

Many good men and learned lawyers thought differently. Judge Hoare was one of them. He was, I have reason to believe, treated at Charleston with personal kindness and respect; but he was not permitted to execute his mission, which, believing it, as I do, calculated, perhaps intended to offend, I must persist in calling "incendiary."



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